







# Poetry.

## SONNETS ON THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Dedicated to Rev. Edmund Neville.  
BY JUDGE CONRAD.

1. Our Father.

Our Father! I holiest name, first, fondest, best!  
Sweet is the murmured name of the vow  
When young love's kiss prints on the maiden's  
breath:

But sweeter, to a father's yearning breast,  
His blue-eyed boy's soft prattle. That is love  
Pure and sweetest that distil through mom-  
tains

And drop, in diamonds, in their caverned foun-  
tains;

Warm is the heart-drops; true as truth above,

And such is thine! For whom? For all—even  
me!

Those whom all that is, which sigh can  
reach,

Is but a sand grain on the ocean beach.

Of being! Down, my soul, it cannot be!

But He hath said! Up, soul, unto His throne!

Father! "Our Father," bless and save thine own!

2. Who art in Heaven?

Who art in Heaven! Thou knowest not me nor  
hast thou presence.

The presence is existence. "Nearth thine eye,  
Systems spring forth, revolve, and shine—and

Even as, us, within their little round,

The bright sands in the eddying hill side spring,

Sparkle, and ever downward down the stream,

Silvery, gaudy, golden, beam,

Circles but atoms with his mighty wavy, glow

Upon the compass of infinity.

What! That, then, was he, who had, nothing but—

Whom thy soul is, in Heaven; nothing but—all

wounds.

Sins and glooms and gloom. Grant the smile be

My light to lead, to guide me up to Thee!

3. Holloway Thy Name.

Holloway! The name! The name! The name!

"Nearth every sky!" Ori in the smiling hand,

Where vice, bold-browed, and craft, walk hand in hand,

And vented seeming gives a grace to crime ;

Or, in the howling wild, or plain,

Where Pagans tremble at their rough hew-

n'd.

What! voice hath sake, or face hath lust;

Sacred thy name! The skeptical void and vain;

Raised from his rosy joys, the Osmanli;

The laughing Eliphop, and the dusky Hindoo;

The "Thou art hollowed, of every vice,

Prayer that—Nor earth alone, Each star of

night.

Join in the choir; still heaven and earth acclaim—

Still, and forever, hollowed by thy name !

4. Thy kingdom come.

Thy kingdom come! Sweet, angel wings, wing,

Then, known no' more, the guile of gain, the

leer

Of lewdness, frowning power, or fatal fear,

The shiver of suffering or the howl of crime,

All will be thine—all thine! Thy kingdom come,

Then in the sinless earth will rest,

As smiles the infant in the cradle's balm,

The dove in the nest, the lambkin drawn

Unknown—for a not'e; the thong unknown—

For a slave; the ocell's which despise

air;

Deserted! Night will pass, and hear no groan;

Glad day look down and see nor guilt nor guile;

And all that Heaun had made reflect

Prayer that—Heaun had made reflect

Prayer